

The Lamentation of a new married man, briefly declaring the sorrow and grief
that comes by marrying a young wanton wife
To the tune of, Where is my true Love,

You Battelors that haue it
So gallant in the street,
With muske & with kisse water,
Smelling all so sweet:
Which shoes of Spanish leather,
So fitly to your feet,
Behold me a married man.

Before that I was wedded,
I liued in delight,
I went unto the dancing schoole,
I leard at fence to fight:
Which twenty other pleasures,
That now are banisht quite,
I being a &c.

When I liued single,
I knew no cause of strife,
I had my heart in quiet,
I led a pleasant life.
But now my chiefest study
Is how to please my wife,
I being a married man,

Quoth she, You do not loue me,
To leaue me all alone,
You must goe a gadding,
And I must bide at home,
While you among your minions,
Spend more then is your owne:
This life leads a &c.

Do you think to keep me
So like a drudge each day,
To toile and moile so sadly
And lame me euery way?
He haue a said, by Lady,
Shall work while I do play,
This life &c.

Then must I giue attendance
Upon my mistris heeles,
I must wait before her,
While she doth walk the fields,
Shee'l eat no meat but Lobsters,
And pretty Girgs and Celes,
This life &c.

Then must I get her Cherries,
And dainty bathern Peares,
And then longs for Codlings,
Shee breedeth Childe she swears
When God knowes tis a cushion
That she about her beares,
This life &c.

She must haue Habbet suckers,
Without spot or specke,
I must buy her Pelrods
At sixteen groats the pecke
She must haue Eggs & white wine
To wash her face and neck:
This life &c.

If once to passe it cometh,
That she is brought to bed,
Why then with many dainties
She must be dapply fed,
A hundred ropes and crisses
Comes then within her head:
This life &c.

Against that she is churched,
A new Gowne she must haue:
A daintie fine Rebato
About her neck so braue:
Fresh bodies, with a Farthingale
She neuer linnes to craue
This life &c.

Aboard among her Cassins
Then must she daily go:
Requesting of this fauour
A man must not say no,
Lest that an unkinde quarrell
About this matter grow
This life &c.

To offerings and to weddinges
Aboard that she must pante,
Whereas with lusty youngsters
This gallant dame must dance:
Her husband must say nothing,
What hap soeuer chance:
This life &c.

And then there is no remedy,
She must go to a play,
To purge abounding Cholles,
And driue sad dumps away:
She carries out till midnight,
She swears she will not stay,
This life &c.

When home at last she cometh,
To bed she gets her soon,
And there she sleeps full soundly,
Till the next day at noon,
Then must she eat a Candle
With a silver spoone
This life &c.

Therefore my friends be warned,
You that notwedded be,
The troubles of a married man
You do most plainly see.
Who likes not of his living,
Would he would change with me,
That now am a &c.

Where I was wont full often
Good companie to keepe.
Now I must rocke the Cradle, 45
And hush the childe asleep, 46
I had no time nor leasure
Out of my doores to peep, 226
Since I was a married man,

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(888)
The Second part. 23 To the same Tune.

An answer sent to the young married man.
Written most friendly by his gentle Wife Nan.



A lacke wherefore lament you,
your happy wedded state;
Therein you shew great folly,
repentance come to late (stock)
To make your self a mocking
with every scoffing mate
Now you are a married young mā.

In youth, do well remember,
Your minde was all on pride:
Deceming sport and pleasure,
your latish thoughts did guide,
Tis time such foolish fancies
should now be laid aside,
Now you are et.

When you lived single,
Your time you vainely spent:
Unto water still pastime,
Your youngling wits were bent
But now you must learn wisdom,
discredit to prevent,
Nith you are et.

An alas to estimation,
Longs to a single life,
What were you but skip Jacke,
Before you had a wife,
A mare for every madcap,
a darrer up of strife,
Till you were et.

A wife hath won you credit,
A wife makes you esteem'd
An honest man through marriage
Now are you surely deem'd.

And you shall finde at all times,
a wife your dearest friend,
Now you are et.

Then is it right and reason,
Your wife should please be;
It is a happy household
Where couples do agree,
It doth delight the Angels;
such Concord for to see,
Then blest is the et.

If I do blame your gadding
It is for love, be sure,
Bad company doth alwaies
All counsell still procure
The man that will be thrifty,
must at his worke endure,
While he is et.

This works his commendations
Amongst the very best.
The chiefe men of the Parish,
his quaintance will request,
And then he shall be called
To office with the rest
When he is a et.

He shall be made a Headborough
Unto his credit great,
At what time all the neighbours,
His friendship will entreat,
And then it is most decent,
he should goe fine and neat.
While he is a married young mā.

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Then bareheaded unto him,
A number daily stocks:
To help him by his office,
from many stumbling blocks;
Then comes he to be Constable,
and set knives in the stocks:
Thus riseth a et.

His wife shall then be seated!
in Church at her desire,
Her husband he is Alderman,
and sits within the Quire,
Then he is made Churchwarden
and placed somewhat hter,
Great joy to a et.

Then seeing all this credit
by marriage you do finde,
Unto your wife tis reason,
you should be good and kinde
And sometimes wait upon her
according to her minde
As best fits a et.

It is friendly you go with her
to walke out of the Towne,
Why the you may have pleasure,
to give her a green Gowne,
To have so great a favour,
some men would give a crown
Which is not et.

As for the Peares and Apples,
you give me in the Street.
The Cherries or the Codlings,
for pretty women meet,
At night I give you kindly
a thousand kisses sweet
Great joy to a et.

A hundred other pleasures,
I do you then bestide,
In bringing forth your Children
great sorrow I doe hide.
For twentie Gownes & kirtles,
the like would not be tride,
By any fine young married men.

Why should you scorn the Cradle
I tell you sir most plaine,
There is not any pleasure,
but sometimes breedeth paine,
If you will not be troubled,
why then good sir refraine
to play like a married young man

FINIS.